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by Francis E. McMahon

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"IMPRISONED IN BROTHERHOOD"

The Organization Man

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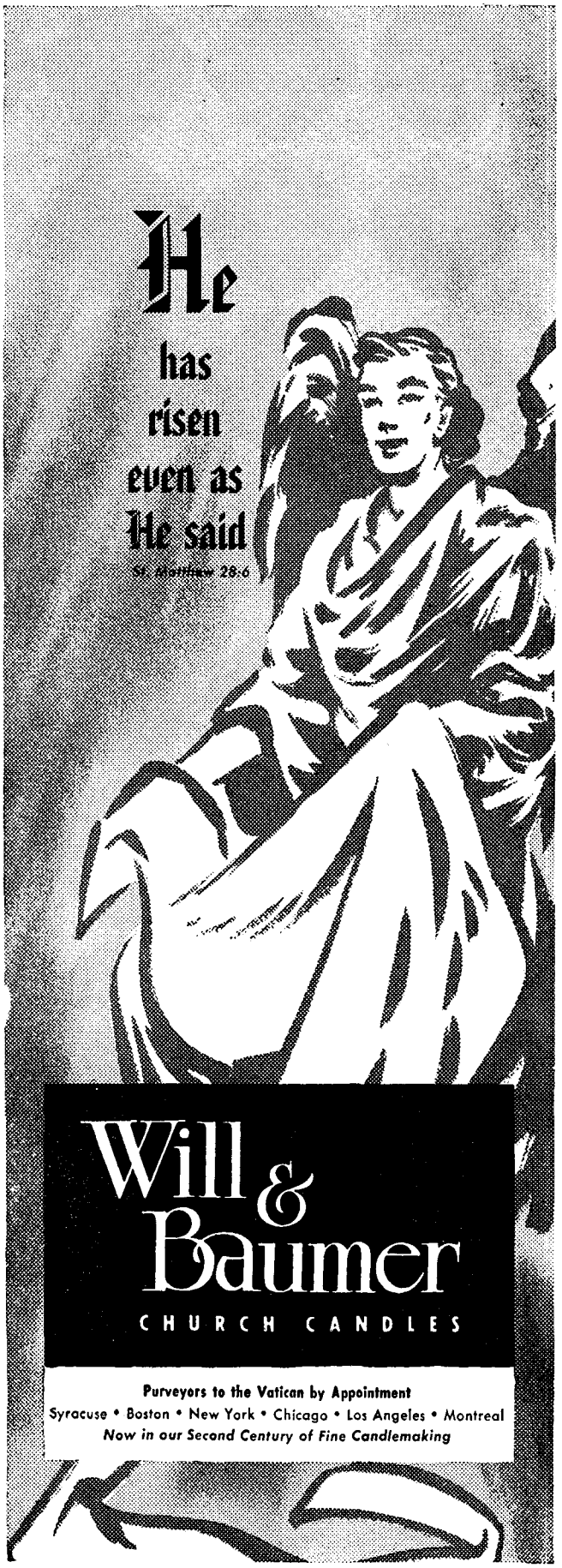

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1957 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 20c

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

AMBASSADOR NORMAN

CANADIANS are shocked and angered by the action of Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee in reviving charges of Communism against Canadian Ambassador to Egypt E. Herbert Norman, who subsequently leaped to his death from a Cairo apartment building. It is the conviction of his government, his colleagues, his friends and his wife, that his suicide was the result of depression and anxiety caused, at least in part, by the charges recently made public by the committee.

Canadian Foreign Secretary Pearson has received a note of regret and condolence from Secretary of State Dulles, and has stated that his government has no wish "to make an international incident" out of the tragedy. Nevertheless, Secretary Pearson has expressed deep bitterness and resentment, directed chiefly against members of the committee and its counsel, Mr. Robert D. Morris. Other Canadian leaders have denounced the committee's action as "assassination" and even "murder." Canadian newspapers have been unanimous, and equally incensed, in condemning what the committee has done.

And what has the committee done? As far back as 1951, under the chairmanship of Senator McCarran, the committee published allegations that Mr. Norman was a Communist. The Canadian government announced afterward that a security check had been conducted, the charges had been investigated, and Mr. Norman had been entirely cleared. Last month, despite a request by the United States State Department and protests from Canada, the committee made public the testimony taken at recent closed hearings, in which the 1951 charges against Mr. Norman were made again. As part of the record, committee counsel Robert Morris declared that the FBI had evidence supporting the accusations and that the evidence had been turned over to the State Department. But the State Department disowned the charges, and Foreign Secretary Pearson, in behalf of the Canadian government, repudiated them again. And Ambassador Norman killed himself.

Mr. Morris, the committee members, and State Department spokesmen are now passing from one to another the responsibility for the release of the hearing transcripts, and are studiously pretending to believe that the publication of the accusations against Mr. Norman had nothing to do with his suicide. Mr. Morris has said, "A man's suicide is a personal tragedy about which I will say nothing."

Mr. Norman's death is not simply "a personal tragedy," of course, and the responsibility for it cannot be evaded so easily. Mr. Norman indicated his depression and discouragement over the renewed attacks on him to his wife, his friends, and his government. According to a dispatch in the *Times*, he confessed to his wife and his doctor that he was thinking of suicide as the only way to escape the situation.

PERHAPS the committee did uncover evidence against Ambassador Norman which was not known in 1951. If it did, it should have furnished this evidence to the Canadian government, which would have been glad, presumably, to receive any such evidence. No evidence was offered, according to Secretary Pearson, just the "old charges . . . disposed of long ago."

How can the publication of unsubstantiated charges like these be justified? This is not a new question. It has been asked, and never answered, for some years now, since character defamation became part of American political life. But because a human life has been lost, the answer may seem

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easier: publicizing accusations like these, without proof or any attempt at proof, without trial, jury or the process of law, cannot be justified. It is no more justified, however, when the accused man does not take his life than when he does. The principle is the same. The suicide of Mr. Norman simply dramatizes the wickedness we have permitted to stain our public life.

We would not like to be in the shoes of Mr. Morris or any of the Senators on the committee. The charges of disloyalty by a Congressional committee have resulted here, not in a reputation damaged or a job lost, which we may have grown hardened to, but in the terrible act of suicide. In the heyday of Senator McCarthy we were often told by his partisans, borrowing from the totalitarians, that "you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs." The burden rests now on the shoulders of those who have brought about the present tragedy. To use the ugly figure, let them produce their omelette for the world to see, and justify not a broken egg, but a lost life.

BRITAIN'S SHIFT

IS IT POSSIBLE that only the American brand of capitalism—with its mass production and widespread domestic distribution—can, year after year, sustain a full-fledged national defense establishment? In modern times the leading countries of Europe have had to contend with expensive military budgets all along; that has had much to do with their recurring budget and currency crises. But the cost of the latest weapons and the means of delivering or combating them is verging on the astronomical. Britain's White Paper on its new defense policies reflects that fact.

That the pressures leading to this program of "unilateral" disarmament have become so impelling in recent months does not make it any more palatable. It came as a shock to the other participants in NATO, where Britain's has been the second most substantial contribution. The reduction of British garrisons and the British Navy (at a time when the Soviet submarine fleet is attaining such alarming proportions), and the plan to abandon the development of more proficient planes, can only dishearten allies engaged in the common defense of Western Europe. Curtailment of widely scattered British forces on the scale contemplated also gives comfort and aid to Communist forces threatening in many sectors of the Afro-Asian world.

The full effect of this curtailment by the British upon their NATO partners has yet to register. Demands for similar economies—and for the ending of compulsory military service—would seem to be inevitable elsewhere. At the same time it will undoubtedly intensify the growing clamor for economizing and tax relief here in the United States. Britain's last fling at Suez and now this drastic demilitarization have dealt body blows to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. (And dependence on atomic weapons will make it increasingly difficult to resist such Communist tactics as infiltration, internal "revolutions" and little wars.)

Yet the effect on NATO of the British move is hardly the most disquieting aspect of this startling news. Britain has now placed all her eggs in the nuclear-weapon basket. The new program of "more punch to the pound" bases defense primarily upon capacity to retaliate: now with H-bombs dropped from jet bombers, and a few years hence with rockets and guided missiles having H-bomb warheads. In the explicitly stated British view, defense of their homeland is no longer possible but only the dubious deterrent that wholesale destruction would rain upon any nation in retaliation.

The terrific cost of producing the latest planes and weapons for "conventional warfare" impels other nations, including our own, in the same all-or-nothing direction. As Chancellor Adenauer said in a press interview following the British announcement: "Atomic rearmament is in flood tide today. The Germans cannot halt it." And among the menacing Russian statements of recent weeks have been Marshal Zhukov's warnings that his country intended to fight the next war with nuclear weapons. Because of its sweeping tenor, the British announcement is hastening the trend at a time when substantial defenses against nuclear attacks are far from being perfected.

NEXT WEEK

HOWLAND SARGEANT writes of the Soviet educational system.

"The Kremlin thinks of the classroom as a main theater of the cold war. . . . Only one-fifth of our graduates each year are trained in science and engineering compared with two-thirds of all graduates in the USSR. . . . What we do *not* want to do, in my judgment, is to mount an extraordinary offensive designed solely to cure these short-term deficiencies in scientific and engineering fields."

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It can be argued that the United States, the Soviet Union and Communist China are the only ones powerful enough to establish the pattern, to decide whether mankind is to be delivered over to fire and destruction. But the British recourse to the H-bomb means that we shall need incomparably greater farsightedness and fortitude than we have so far been able to muster at any stage of this desperate cold war.

THE COURAGE OF NGO DINH DIEM

WHILE DEVELOPMENTS in Southeast Asia generally continue favorable to the Moscow-Peking Axis, the President of South Vietnam continues to hang on with admirable tenacity. He lives in the shadow of an ambitious and powerful neighbor capable at any moment of swallowing him up. His nation's economy is particularly vulnerable in that virtually all manufactured goods have to be imported. It further develops that the Chinese in his country have control of some two-thirds of all commercial operations and dominate the vital rice trade.

In his efforts to liberate his countrymen from any sort of foreign domination, Mr. Diem is now insisting that most of the retail trades (and the rice trade itself) be reserved to those of Vietnamese nationality. But the Chinese, in their own national pride and unwillingness to do army service, are refusing almost to a man to take out the required "papers." That these are mostly Nationalist Chinese at present only underlines Mr. Diem's characteristic boldness in risking a change in sympathy.

PRESIDENTIAL DISABILITY

WE ARE in hearty agreement with Mr. Eisenhower that the matter of Presidential disability needs to be dealt with. There is no doubt at all that the Constitution leaves a serious gap in dealing with a President's inability to discharge the duties of his office. But we do not see at all that the proposal put forward by Attorney General Brownell represents a satisfactory solution.

Mr. Brownell is urging a Constitutional amendment which would empower the Vice President to become Acting President whenever he was "satisfied of the President's inability," provided a majority of the Cabinet agreed in writing; empower the President to declare himself unable to discharge his duties and then to turn them over to the Vice President as Acting President; empower a disabled President to resume his duties whenever he declares his inability is terminated. But there are, as we see it, at least two serious flaws in this proposal.

First of all, history and common sense would seem to indicate that the Cabinet should be one of the last bodies chosen to determine whether or not a President is incapacitated. Cabinet members would always have a personal interest in the matter, one way or the other. Some might be cool to the Vice President, as certain members of this Cabinet are reported to be, and hence overly reluctant to see the President declared unable to carry out his duties; other Cabinet members might be overly anxious to see the President out of action. In either case, they would hardly provide the objective and dispassionate kind of decision required.

Secondly, and perhaps even more importantly, the plan does not really deal with one of the most serious aspects of the problem: what to do if a President is in fact physically incapable of carrying out his duties but yet refuses to face the fact? At least two Presidents have suffered such incapacity for considerable periods—Garfield and Wilson—but no one was able to do anything about it. The same situation could arise again.

Here is a matter of the utmost concern to the nation. Anything that is done to deal with it will require time; whatever plan is adopted, it will hardly take effect during President Eisenhower's term in office. There is therefore no need to treat the matter in a partisan fashion, and there is no point at all in pretending to deal with it while in fact leaving one of the main problems unsolved.

PERSPECTIVE

ARTHUR LARSON is generally credited with being a one-man brain trust who has had much to do with elaborating the theory of "modern Republicanism" for which President Eisenhower stands. Now the director of the United States Information Agency, Mr. Larson advanced two proposals during a recent speech in New York which deserve attention. Noting the importance of Africa for the future, he urged the establishment of twenty new U.S.I.A. centers there to help explain American policy to that continent. In addition, he urged the construction as quickly as possible of a land-based transmitter to relay Voice of America broadcasts to the Middle East, where reception is at present unsatisfactory.

Both of these proposals would, of course, take

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money. Even though a staggering amount is not involved, it might seem that this is not the best time to mention such new business, since almost everybody appears ready to have at Mr. Eisenhower's budget with a meat-axe. But for precisely that reason this is the best time to give some thought to proposals like these. The national budget has to be considered in the light of needs and opportunities like those cited by Mr. Larson in Africa and the Middle East. If the matter is judged in this way, the budget submitted by President Eisenhower will not be substantially cut.

THE "DANGEROUS" REFUGEES

RECENT OFFICIAL government statements underline what is becoming a truism—there is, in the realm of politics, no good which a government cannot turn to its disadvantage. Less than six months ago the world was stunned by the Hungarian revolt against Communist domination. So unexpected was the fierce action that the free world lost forever those few crucial days when decisive intervention might have changed the outcome. When Russia crushed the revolt with heavy military strength, the free world had the opportunity to receive the refugees who streamed across their borders in flight from Communist retaliation.

Austria accepted these refugees and set up temporary camps until they could be admitted to other countries. After breaking an early bottleneck, the United States showed the respect and generosity the refugees had a right to expect from the strongest and wealthiest of the free nations.

Since then, however, other events have demanded the attention of the nation. The continuing crisis of the Middle East eclipsed the struggle of Poland and Hungary. Tense relations developed between the U.S. and her allies. At home new difficulties beset the second Eisenhower administration, new efforts to implement Supreme Court decisions on segregation aroused further opposition, and labor activities fell under governmental scrutiny.

It was easy to allow the refugee problem to fade into the background of "contained" problems. And the immigration subcommittee chairman, Representative Francis E. Walter, replaced his sudden, intense respect for the Hungarian "freedom fighters" with his constant theme of Communist infiltration; few people could have been surprised when he showed that he feared the possible entrance of "spies" more than he valued the undoubted good of the Hungarian refugee program. President Eisenhower requested, months ago, that the program itself be extended, that 25,000 refugees now under a "parole" status be given permanent status and that 70,000 refugees from Communism be admitted to this country each year. But Congress has yet to act on his proposal.

The problem of the Hungarian refugees would probably have stagnated in this unsatisfactory condition if the United States Embassy had not announced that the emergency plan to admit refugees was drawing to a close. The camp officials in Austria reported that from within the camp feelings of depression and accusations of betrayal immediately followed the report.

Once again, the need of the refugees is asserted and the inadequacy of the U.S. immigration program is highlighted. In failing to help those Hungarians still encamped in Austria we not only fail them as individuals, we fail them as symbols of freedom and courage that can survive in oppressed countries. We fail them as representatives of those who died to oppose that totalitarianism which seeks to cover the world. Such failure is an instance of governmental weakness in political battle. Instead of keeping before the world the memory of Hungary and its vicious suppression, we divert attention to our own fears and flaws. The State Department, which has urged more aid, and the Department of Justice, which has urged more caution, and Congress, which has moved slowly, can still make the best of a poor situation by pressing for the President's proposal.

WHO, ME?

AS ALMOST EVERYONE knows, Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey is far from enthusiastic about the size of the present budget. Indeed, his remarks about the need to cut inflationary government spending if we are not to see "a depression that will curl your hair" are generally thought to have set off the present spirited attacks on Mr. Eisenhower's budget proposals, inside and outside of Congress. A recent incident involving Mr. Humphrey should therefore not be allowed to pass unnoticed and unsung.

Evidently taking the Secretary at his word, the House cut eight million dollars out of the funds requested for his own Treasury Department. What did Mr. Humphrey do then? Why, he promptly wrote to the Senate, of course, asking them to restore the funds cut from his departmental budget by the House. What else?

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New Faces, Old Ideas

"THE GENERALISSIMO CANNOT UNDERTAKE ANY DRASTIC REFORMS WITHOUT UNDERMINING THE FORCES WHICH SUSTAIN HIM"

FRANCIS E. McMAHON

THE RECENT changes in the cabinet of Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Spain's veteran dictator, have occasioned only minor surprise among most observers of the Spanish scene. Moreover, few expectations were engendered. A reshuffling of cabinet posts solves none of the basic problems of Spain. It is a fact that Franco periodically resorts to a number of devices that he believes may allay popular discontent at home or lessen criticism abroad. But rarely has it been truer to say that "the more it changes, the more it is the same." The basic trouble is the character of the regime itself.

The cabinet shifts were a response to a number of grievances. Last year, the regime was plagued by strikes and students' demonstrations. The disturbances were put down by the use of Draconian measures. Later, the government decreed a substantial wage raise, but the effects of the raise were nullified by a continued rise in the cost of living. Crop failures and drought aggravated the situation. The monetary reserves shrank, and the value of the peseta declined. Industry and commerce continued to be hampered by the restrictive and centralized controls which have been in effect since the beginning of the Franco regime.

Political problems were likewise fomenting instability. Spain's only official party, the Falange, recently made a bid for supremacy, but was checked by the Army and the Church. Among the groups that had originally supported Franco—the Army, the Church, the upper classes, the Falange—symptoms of discontent had multiplied. The disillusionment of the monarchists had increased—if that were possible. For more than a decade they had been expecting Franco's retirement in favor of a king. Within the cabinet itself—which reflected a motley assortment of political viewpoints—dissension had reached serious proportions.

But such difficulties have been chronic with the regime. Its astute head long ago perfected the techniques by which their potentialities for serious harm could be minimized. Certain measures he cannot take. He cannot undertake any drastic economic and political reforms without undermining the forces which sustain him. The Franco regime is one of special privilege in which support is tendered to the degree that benefits are received. A Christian Democrat in Spain, speaking with brutal frankness but on the basis of an intimate knowledge of the facts, once summed up the situation to this writer: "It is a regime in which the supporters of Franco enjoy all the rights without any of the obligations, while the rest of the Spanish people have the obligations without any of the rights." But if the possibilities for substantial reform are non-existent, Franco can nevertheless put new faces in his cabinet as well as issue pronouncements about future national well-being. The *ultima ratio* of force, moreover, is always available.

In the cabinet shakeup, the Falange suffered the major setback. Some of its most prominent members were dismissed, or shifted to less important posts. The power of the Falange, however, has always been exaggerated by the outside world. It has never enjoyed any popular support. Its founder, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, was executed by the Loyalists during the Civil War. From that moment, Franco took control of the party and made it one of his handiest political instruments. Whatever strength and prestige it enjoyed thereafter were wholly derived from its master. Twenty-three years after its founding, its leaders were proclaiming that one of the major tasks facing the Falange was to win the support of the Spanish masses.

MORE SIGNIFICANT in the cabinet change was the appointment of a member of *Opus Dei* to the post of Secretary of Commerce. *Opus Dei* is not a political movement, and it has no specific political orientation. It is a secular institute dedicated to the fostering of personal sanctity among laymen and laywomen engaged in worldly tasks. Its members are free to embrace any political viewpoint consonant with the Christian Faith. It seeks especially to enlist intellectuals and professional people, as the most effective agents for elevating the spiritual and moral tone of the social order.

Mr. McMahon, author of *A Catholic Looks At The World* and a regular contributor, was formerly a foreign correspondent in Spain.

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Señor Alberto Ullastres, the newly-appointed director of Commerce, unquestionably has high hopes of reforming the Spanish bureaucracy, as do a few of his *Opus Dei* colleagues who occupy subordinate posts. They are aware, as is every Spaniard, of the extensive corruption and inefficiency of the regime. Reportedly, they will leave the government if their efforts to improve the situation are thwarted.

They confront a truly formidable problem. The fate of Alberto Martín Artajo, a leader of *Catholic Action* in Spain, indicates that dedicated zeal is no match for the vested interests or for the implacable will of *El Caudillo*. Dismissed as Foreign Minister, after twelve years' service, Artajo accomplished many things for Franco Spain, but on the central issue of reform his failure was complete and final.

When he entered the government in 1945, Franco's regime was foundering. External pressures by the Allied powers, combined with a serious economic crisis, had brought it to the brink of disaster. Franco met the emergency by cabinet changes. Catastrophe was in part averted by appointing Artajo as head of foreign affairs. By honoring the leader of *Catholic Action,* he enlisted the support of the most powerful religious organization in the country. The leaders of the movement believed that the opportunity had arrived for instituting some necessary reforms in the government. Shortly after taking office, Artajo announced that the regime of General Franco "is heading towards new forms of popular representation and political liberty." Nothing of this sort, of course, ever occurred. *Catholic Action* did not succeed in dominating Franco. The reverse occurred. Franco gained immeasurably; his prestige in the Catholic world outside of Spain was considerably enhanced. Now he has called upon members of the *Opus Dei* in another period of crisis. Can this organization succeed with reforms where the more powerful forces of *Catholic Action* failed? It is to be seriously doubted.

Franco's recent replies to the questions submitted to him by the New York *Times* offer but little encouragement to those hopeful of better times for Spain. Once again he criticized parliamentary democracy and expressed his preference for the corporative state. His prideful allusion to "the efficiency of the system of organic representation that we now practice" reflects a supreme disregard for the facts. There is no representation, no system and no efficiency. His promise to consider granting more liberties "for loyal and constructive political criticism" will not be taken seriously by the average Spaniard. The latter has become quite cynical about all such promises.

The demagogic character of his pronouncement is further illustrated by his reference to the referendum concerning the law of royal succession held some years ago. He asserts that it was "approved virtually unanimously by the entire nation." But the referendum in fact was no more authentic than the plebiscites of the Leftist dictatorships. Franco's rule is considerably less repressive—today, that is—than the rule of a Tito. But even in Franco Spain, the cautious Spaniard will vote as he believes *El Caudillo* wants him to vote.

He describes the economic plight of Spain as a "small difficulty." It is one of many arising "in the course of our economic progress." The difficulty is hardly "small." At the same time, it is undeniable that there has been some general improvement economically in Spain during the last five years. But competent students ascribe it largely to the financial assistance rendered by the United States. Without such assistance, the regime in all probability would have been helpless to prevent an economic disaster.

FRANCO remains in no serious danger of being overthrown. Long-practiced in maneuvering the forces that sustain him, his tenure is probably as indefinite as he wishes. There is every indication that he will never relinquish the reins of power so long as he is physically able to hold them. His position, moreover, has been strengthened by the friendship manifested towards him by the officialdom of the United States. Early in March the House Foreign Affairs Committee unanimously approved a resolution urging Spain's admission to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The State Department had suggested the resolution. The exigencies of the Cold War—or what are presumed to be exigencies—are fortifying Franco's hold upon Spain.

But the perennial and major question facing Spain —and the world—remains: what happens after Franco goes? The law of succession provides that a king will ultimately succeed Franco. But there is no popular sentiment in Spain for a monarchy, and Franco has tolerated no measures to promote such a sentiment (he can brook no rivals so long as he wields the power). An entire generation of Spaniards has grown into manhood since Spain last had a king. The question of monarchy has already provoked intense disputes among the few who are interested in such matters. For the majority, the question is of little or no importance.

It would be extremely difficult to revive the Spanish Republic in the shape and form it had prior to the Civil War. And would it be desirable? In part, it was because of grave mistakes by some Republican leaders that Spain was precipitated into a Civil War, and then into a military dictatorship. The spirit of anti-religious Jacobinism had infected, not all, but too many of these leaders. They must share the responsibility for Spain's plight today.

Clerical and lay leaders of the Church, however, also made their mistakes. Many of them had forgotten that the Church of Spain, in the sixteenth and seventeenth

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centuries, had made its cause one with the common people. It was the Church that had kept alive the spirit of personal freedom and dignity in an age of royal absolutism. It was its theologians that had advocated radical social programs to ameliorate the lot of the poor in Spain. Later, unfortunately, a different spirit prevailed. The Church, under Franco, has enjoyed many prerogatives. But there has been a price to pay in the form of increased alienation of the Spanish people. In recent years, however, there have been the beginnings of a return to the earlier traditions. The Spanish hierarchy has emphasized its dissatisfaction with the economic status quo. Individual bishops have denounced practices (including corruption) that have led to an inequitable distribution of wealth. The state has been warned that revolution could occur unless the desperate plight of the Spanish worker is relieved. Some of the young clergy have entered factories to share the worker's life and thus win him back to the Faith.

At the same time, the rough edges of Spanish Catholicism in relation to non-Catholic denominations have not been smoothed down. The Spanish clergy, in general, do not acknowledge that the program of Christian Democracy has any relevance for Spain, despite the endorsement of the movement by the Pope in the Christmas message of 1944. The political philosophy of Jacques Maritain, one of the major contemporary champions of Christian Democracy, is regarded in some influential Spanish circles as a dangerous form of heresy. Spanish Catholicism has yet to accommodate itself fully to the exigencies of the modern world.

It was apparently with a view to encouraging a more receptive and tolerant spirit that Pope Pius XII, recently addressing a group of newly ordained Spanish priests, urged them to carry back to Spain a "higher grade of generous Catholicity." He exhorted them to incorporate this spirit "more and more resolutely in those currents of mutual cooperation in which many persons today see the future for the salvation of the world." There should be fostered, he said, a "Catholic spirit that, if necessary, is capable of surpassing itself to reach others better without prejudice towards anyone, and with determination not even to shun sacrifice, if necessary, for the more universal good."

The one institution in Spain that will certainly survive Franco is the Church. The attitudes of its clerical and lay leaders will profoundly affect the political destinies of the country. If the Church would give encouragement to the nascent Christian Democratic movement in Spain, or at least place no obstacles in its path, the future of the country would be immensely brighter.

A Christian Democratic party cannot legally function in Spain today. But its champions are emerging. Some have been quietly working for several years. All suggestions by Franco that the Christian Democrats enter into the framework of his government have been ignored. These men—the authentic Christian Democrats, not those pro-Franco Spaniards who have merely usurped the label—are resolved to preserve intact their fidelity to democratic principles, without compromising with a discredited dictatorship. The Christian Democratic movement may provide the only alternative to future chaos in Spain.

THE IMPACT OF TV

Hollywood's Future

EMMET LAVERY

IN THE LONG long ago, when the early film makers left New Jersey with some abruptness for California, there were dire predictions that Hollywood would kill off the Broadway theater. Then, when sound was added to film, it was easy to believe that the theater would do away with Hollywood. Talking-films could only be made in those areas where talking actors were plentiful. The great trek from East to West would be reversed. Hoboken, it was felt, might come into its own once more.

Mr. Lavery, a former president of the Screen Writers Guild and a long-time contributor, received an Academy Award nomination last year for "The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell."

Now, we are told with similar conviction, it is the television networks which will bring the final "decline" of film making in the major studios of Hollywood. Sprightly pieces along these lines are written for the Sunday magazine sections. Nostalgic articles are to be found in thoughtful journals of opinion. Employment is down, production is down, revenue is down. The last rites, it would appear, are likely to take place at any moment.

The writer, however, is not inclined to rush out and buy a mourning garment. Amazing changes, it is true, are taking place in Hollywood. Television is absorbing many of the talents formerly employed in film produc-

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tion. The big contract lists are a thing of the past; nearly everyone is a free lance now. Control of star talent has passed from the hands of the studios to the hands of the agencies that represent the stars. Administrative alignments and realignments are the order of the day; Dore Schary is no longer at Metro, Buddy Adler has taken over Darryl Zanuck's executive operations at Fox. Organizational changes at top level are under way in other studios. And yet I do not for a minute believe that Hollywood is about to fade away, and despite the risks of prophecy, I am tempted to join the ranks of the oracles and offer my own forecast for the future. Here it is:

For the years ahead, it is not a funeral which is being arranged in Hollywood. On the contrary, it is a wedding: the wedding of Hollywood production and television distribution in a series of extensive "hook-ups" both regional and national. Or to be more exact, what is in prospect is a series of "weddings": all of them proper and respectable, well planned by the best of legal talent to conform with all anti-trust statutes. Some people call this development "subscription television." Others call it "pay-as-you-see" television. The networks, militantly opposed to the idea at the moment, call it a lot of other things, and there will be prompt denials of my prediction in many quarters. Yet I still think it will all come about, and the effect of this change on Hollywood will be great.

In addition, there are other developments here for those who want to speculate about Hollywood's future, and I would cite especially the emergence of independent production on a scale never known before. With the exception of Universal-International, every major studio is now committed to a policy which includes substantial financing for well-established independents. The new Metro, it is generally believed, will soon be operating on a completely independent program; it will finance the independent producers, and they, not the studio, will produce the films. This change is highly significant.

The purpose of this report, however, is to focus specifically on Hollywood in relation to television. In this connection, it is worth noting that Hollywood has been in the new field, at various levels, for several years. Some of the studios even own stock in television stations. Some, like Warners and 20th Century-Fox, have subsidiary units which produce directly for television release. Others, like the highly successful Screen Gems Inc. at Columbia, cover all phases of films-for-television, producing for a wide range of advertising sponsors as well as for themselves.

In general, these activities have been quite satisfying so far as Hollywood is concerned. In a period of transition, they cushioned the shock for front office and back lot alike. The finest cushion of all, it now appears, was the revenue received from the sale or licensing of film "backlogs" for use of television. A few of the studios held back at first, but, when it became clear that there was no re-run market in the theaters for most of the old films, the unloading process advanced rapidly. Individual studios made some very good deals for themselves; in many cases it was also good for the guild and union members who worked on the original films and who, by agreement, were entitled to participate in the extra revenue. CBS, according to recent report, may pay Paramount the sum of $50,000,000 for the use of its "backlog."

This is all very nice, as almost everybody will agree. But what about the long-range prospects? Are the studios in a sound condition to take on all of the new responsibilities that lie ahead?

AT FIRST GLANCE, some of the changes that have taken place are not too cheering. An industry which once employed as many as twenty-five thousand assorted skills now employs barely more than ten thousand in the Hollywood area. Feature films, which sometimes totaled six hundred in a year, are now down to three hundred or perhaps a little more. Neighborhood theaters in some sections have been closing more rapidly than drive-in theaters (increasingly popular) have been popping up to take their place. Two studios have curtailed production in sweeping fashion: Republic has shuttered most of its departments in Hollywood and RKO has taken similar action. The latter studio, however, will continue to finance "important" independents and will finish the production of several films recently on location. The distribution of films currently in release is being handled, by agreement, with Universal-International, a sharing of facilities which reflects something of a trend. From time to time, there has been talk of other studios cutting down overhead by sharing the costs of production. At one time it looked as if Fox might move in with Warners; more recently, it looked as if Fox might move in with Metro.

Changes, though, need not be bad merely because

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they are a departure from the old way of doing things. Those that are taking place here may have an adverse effect on the personnel immediately involved, but they do not necessarily reflect on the economic well-being of the various studios.

According to *Hollywood Reporter,* figures indicate that a total of $35,000,000 in negative costs is represented by the five films nominated in the Academy this year for best film of the year: "The Ten Commandments" (Paramount) $13,500,000; "Around the World in 80 Days" (Todd) $6,200,000; "The King and I" (Fox) $6,500,000; "Giant" (Warners) $6,500,000; "Friendly Persuasion" (Allied Artists) $3,500,000. (The cost of "Marty," last year's winner, is said to have been about $360,000.)

Box office returns on some of these films are equally revealing. In a thirty week period "The King and I" is credited with a total of $10,000,000 in the world market; "Giant" has brought in $9,000,000 from 1,000 engagements, is expected to reach $20,000,000 the first time around. "The Ten Commandments," "Around the World in 80 Days" (estimated world gross $75,000,000), and "Friendly Persuasion" are doing capacity business in most areas.

Payment of dues to the Screen Writers Branch of the Writers Guild of America West is also illuminating. For the ten month period ending Jan. 31, screen writers paid in the sum of $94,000, which is one per cent of their earnings for the period. This would mean, if we take a straight average for two additional months, that in one year approximately $11,280,000 was distributed to about four hundred screen writers—and this figure does not include revenue from television writing, in which approximately two hundred screen writers also function from time to time.

To these facts should be added a few others. Returns from foreign markets are up. So is Elvis Presley's salary, as far as that goes; he is asking $250,000 for his next film plus fifty per cent of the net profits, and he will probably get it. Also: a report from Herzfeld & Stern, members of the New York Stock Exchange, indicates that 20th Century-Fox earnings for the first quarter of 1957 will be between fifty and seventy-five cents a share compared with seventeen cents in the same period for 1956.

Most significant of all developments, no doubt, is the current attitude of people who show the films. The exhibitors, who have had cause at times to feel pessimistic, are showing unexpected optimism. Some of them would even like to get into production for themselves, if it would not conflict with the federal court "consent" decree, under which the government compelled producing studios to divest themselves of most of their theater holdings.

All in all, things are therefore not in such bad shape. It may have hurt movie makers' pride to unload some of the old films, but it should be noticed that they held fast to the stock through thick and thin, a good indication that they do not think all is lost by a long shot.

WHEN MAY we look for large scale "subscription television"? Probably not for many years, but the chances are that when it does arrive, we shall see it on a different type of receiver: a large screen which looks something like a mirror and which (being quite thin) can be hung on a wall very much like a mirror. There will be no commercials and if you don't want to put the extra coins in the slot for the newest Broadway hit or Hollywood premiere, you won't have to. You can remain tuned to the "free" channels.

Also in the offing, though not generally considered to be a form of pay-TV, "telemovies"—the telecasting of movies by local exhibitors from a central theater for a monthly fee, the hook-up being by coaxial cable and telephone circuit, the subscriber paying his charge on a direct monthly billing for an agreed number of films.

In the meantime, the Federal Communications Commission and Congress have important decisions to make with respect to what is formally regarded as pay-TV. The Commission, which has various systems before it for consideration, may authorize extensive testing of one or more plans. Congress has already expressed a lively interest in the over-all possibilities—principally in the Senate Commerce Committee—and it will have the responsibility for enacting appropriate enabling legislation.

And how do writers feel about this? They feel wonderful. For screen writers, as for dramatists and novelists, selectivity in entertainment means quality in entertainment. Some of them believe that the new field will preserve and advance the best of stage, screen and television. Some go so far as to think that the craft of writing will be broadened and deepened: a writer is a writer who is a writer. The identifying (and sometimes confining) craft labels may become a thing of the past.

Difficulties? Yes, of course. Technical and legal. But no one could stop the pay telephone and the chances are no one can stop pay-TV either. From here, the off-scene music sounds more like Mendelssohn than Chopin.

AN APPEAL

Sister Leonarda Marie of the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus writes of her convent, which shelters feeble-minded boys of from six to nine years old. The Belgian Government requires the community to build. "We need therefore very much money. Every dollar is welcome"—also gifts usable as prizes at a charity benefit. Address: Sister Leonarda Marie, Zusters Van Het Arme Kind Jezus, Kerklei 44, St-Job-in-'T-Goor, Antwerp, Belgium.

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TOLERANCE AND THE TRUTH

ACCORDING TO THE New York *Times,* Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, pastor of the renowned Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, preached, the last Sunday in March, against racial and religious intolerance. As an example of the latter, Dr. Bonnell cited a statement made by a Catholic prelate who declared that "according to God's law no one has a right to accept any religion, or be a member of any church, or practice any form of divine worship save that of the Catholic Church. . . ."

If I understood the prelate's words as I suppose Dr. Bonnell does, I would agree with him that it was a bigoted statement. For I take it that Dr. Bonnell must have thought the prelate was denying Protestant Christians the right to follow their religious consciences or was challenging the sincerity of people who, like Dr. Bonnell himself, serve the Lord with faith, hope and charity. But though I don't know who the Catholic prelate was, I feel quite sure that Dr. Bonnell misunderstood him.

It seems most likely that the prelate was merely repeating the ancient Catholic belief that the Church which Jesus founded is a visible body, the one true Church, and that all who believe this are bound by logic as well as conscience to recognize the Church's uniqueness.

This seems simple enough to a Catholic. I should think it would also be understandable to any Protestant who for purposes of better understanding could accept the Catholic's premise, *pro tem.*

Let us say that Dr. Bonnell himself, improbably enough, became convinced that the Catholic Church is right in its claim to be the one true Church of Christ. Dr. Bonnell is a man of honor, of character and of Christian piety. I take it that if he were so convinced he would resign his pastorate, leave the Presbyterian fold and ask for acceptance in the Catholic Church. He would do so, not because he had turned against his Presbyterian brethren or because he denied their genuine sincerity and worth. He would do so because it was the honest, honorable, logical thing to do. He would do so because, since he then believed as he did, no other choice would be open to him as a man of honor. He would realize that he no longer had a "right" to stay where he was. If one of his former parishioners were to ask him why he took such a difficult step he would have to answer: "Because I became convinced the Catholic Church is right in its claim. Believing this as I do, I cannot say it makes no difference. It makes all the difference in the world. The truth has its claim on all of us."

But if, in order to achieve deeper understanding, it would be good for Protestants by some kind of empathy to put themselves in the Catholic's place this way, it would be equally beneficial for Catholics to do the same for Protestants.

The beginnings of tolerance, it seems to me, are possible only when each group understands what motivates the other and understands—however it may disagree with—the other's first principles and basic loyalties. When the Protestant dismisses the Catholic's refusal to participate in interfaith worship as merely stiff-necked, or the Catholic is scornful of the Protestant's willingness to worship in any Christian Church—to cite just two examples—it is because each is dismissing the other's theology too easily.

Each believes the other is wrong. Some Protestants in fact are so convinced Catholics live in error that they have sent missionaries off to convert the city of Rome itself. It is not only the Catholic Church which claims that according to God's law no one has a right to accept just any religion. What does any missionary, Protestant or Catholic, have to say to the heathen except that their religions are false and that "according to God's law" they should be Christians?

Tolerance does not lie in denying the possibility of truth or its claim on man, as some would have it. To deprive a man of the right to live according to the truth as he understands it is to rob him of all that makes life human. Tolerance does lie, I think, in truly grasping what the other person understands by truth and judging him as a person not by one's own standards but by his own, however misguided they might be.

This does not mean indifferentism. Each man has to serve the truth and we may well believe that some men who think they are serving the truth are in fact bound to superstition or ignorance. False ideas have no claim on tolerance. The central figure in tolerance is the person, infinitely worthy of respect.

When I hear Protestants speak of the Pope as a "foreign potentate" in controversy with Catholics, or when I hear Catholics describe Protestants as "heretics," I think that not even the first lesson in tolerance has been learned. Protestants may indeed look on the Holy Father as a mere "foreign potentate," and Protestants, according to Catholic theology, are "heretics." But what do such adventures in semantic shock do to the person on the receiving end? They embitter him. They poison the controversies between good men.

The purpose of such controversies, after all, is not that pride will be served but that the truth itself will prevail. To poison them at their very source by righteous invective, it seems to me, is a terrible mischief.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Signs of Life

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

WHY IS American industry twice as productive as British? Because its workers go on strike twice as often. I leave it to Americans to settle whether this argument is true as regards America. The British end of it is certainly true. British unions strike less often than American. Union leaders do not fight one another with that merry hatred that adds so much to the spice of life in the AFL-CIO. The result is that managers are not kept on their toes, and the unions tend to be anemic.

For two or three years after the war the British unions, through the Labor Party, seemed, with their ideas on the Welfare State, to be leading the country and in many ways the world. But these ideas were shaped, after all, long ago. When the excitement of applying them died down, it became clear that the unions had not really thought through a strategy to suit the special conditions of Britain in the postwar world. Production was rising; national output per capita, from 1946 through 1955, rose almost twice as fast in Britain as in the United States. But there had not been the same jump in production during the war years as in America. There was more now to share than in 1939, but the surplus all went to urgent priority needs. Defense was costing more, especially after Korea. Exports had to be increased to make up for the loss of assets during the war. Investment was increased, in recognition of the fact that too little had been put by before the war. The worst forms of poverty inherited from the years of depression and inequality were abolished. When these priorities were met, there was no net surplus to lift the general standard of living. In fact for many years there was a net loss. To this day large sections of the people, including most professional and white-collar workers, are worse off than before the war.

What were the unions to do? Sit and twiddle their thumbs, muttering that you can't get a quart out of a pint pot? Tell that to Walter Reuther! There were fringe benefits, for one thing. The beauty of fringe benefits is that they are real benefits, something that people want and value. Yet they often impose less immediate burden on firms and the economy than straight wage increases. Pension funds yield deferred benefits, and meantime can be one of the community's most useful sources of capital. Health benefits, family allowances, and half a dozen others are often simply a re-sharing of income that would have been paid out anyway. And even straight wage increases, in real and not merely inflationary terms, have not been too difficult to justify. British managements are often inefficient. There are quick, easy gains in productivity to be made simply from better work organization, and a smart union can push these along and take its profit in the process.

Here have been fertile fields for the unions to cultivate. But, with honorable exceptions, they have left them untilled. Britain may in some ways have pioneered the Welfare State. But today we are far behind Belgium or France on family allowances, behind Holland on unemployment insurance and the Guaranteed Annual Wage, behind Germany on pensions. It is only on the very day that I write this that it is reported that the unions have at last agreed to approve—not, even yet, to press for—a pension scheme to match the one already applied by Dr. Adenauer's government in West Germany. On collective bargaining for fringe benefits we are generally far behind the United States. Guaranteed wages, proper seniority provisions, deferred annual wage increases, are only gradually finding their way into British bargaining practice. For two years, 1948-50, the unions, under political pressure, accepted a full-scale wage-freeze. The rank and file presently revolted and blew them out of this. But no new strategy emerged.

I WOULD not blame union officers too much for this, for they work under great difficulties. Unions are understaffed, and their officials are underpaid and overworked. In 1952, the last year for which fairly full figures are available, General Secretaries of unions were earning about as much as an average American manufacturing worker, and junior officials of course were getting much less. Unions have not enough organizers; there are fewer full-time officers and organizers in the entire British trade union movement than there are managers, above the rank of foremen, in any of a dozen big companies. They are also short on research men, legal advisers, and office staff generally. Many of the unions of small and medium size are underequipped even on such things as office machinery. Above all, British unions are underfinanced. The biggest of them, the Transport and General Workers'

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Union, gets along on the princely contribution of a dime per member per week. In a craft union like the Engineers (Machinists), where members back in the nineteenth century used to pay two and one-half or five per cent of their wages to union funds, they now pay a little over one per cent.

What the British unions need, in short, is a vacuum cleaner to clean out their cobwebs, a paintbrush to brighten them up, and a firecracker to make them move. And that is why, while some commentators look at the present strikes in Britain as the final disaster to a rickety economy, I prefer to see them as the dawn of new hope. They are not the beginning of the end. They are the end of the beginning; the end of the time when the country seemed to have run itself so out of breath, in the chase after the Welfare State, that it could do nothing but lie on its back and relax.

Today there are fresh winds blowing in all sorts of directions. There is Europe and the Free Trade Area. There are crowds at the emigration offices. There are Tories who actually believe in competition, and are prepared to fight for it even where, as over the current Rent Bill, it is wildly unpopular. There are Socialists getting down seriously to the question of after the Welfare State, what? A philosophy of management, community relations and the State is taking shape, a sort of cross between David Lilienthal and Wilhelm Roepke, with a good dose of the Research Center in Group Dynamics thrown in. This philosophy is not *against* that of the managed economy and the Welfare State. It is rather its working out into a more civilized form, one which takes account of the need for both efficiency and consent, one above all which attempts to get rid of the crudities in the last stage of our society's growth.

All this, mind you, is still very crude and unformed. People are rushing around like bulls in china shops, upsetting applecarts in all directions. (If the metaphor is mixed, so is the situation it describes.) For the time being, we are simply in the stage of divine dissatisfaction. But that is a lot further forward than we were a few years ago.

"IMPRISONED IN BROTHERHOOD"

The Organization Man

WILL HERBERG

WHEN DAVID RIESMAN described the emergence of the "other-directed" character type in a hitherto strongly "inner-directed" America, he opened broad new perspectives for the understanding of American life. Now William H. Whyte Jr., in this spirited volume (*The Organization Man.* Simon and Schuster. $5.) documents the Riesman thesis by showing how The Organization produces men who are not only thoroughly other-directed, but are "articulating a philosophy which tells [them] that it is right being that way." By The Organization Mr. Whyte means in the first place the all-inclusive modern corporation, but his analysis would apply as well to other large-scale institutions of contemporary America in which men are caught up and molded to a new pattern of acquiescence, adjustment, and belonging, which extends far beyond the confines of The Organization itself into the larger life of society. The Organization offers much—welfare, security, and a satisfying sense of participation—but it demands much, too much, Mr. Whyte insists, because it demands the whole man. It has, in fact, converted itself into a veritable "citadel of belongingness," laying claim, and relentlessly enforcing its claim, not only to the best service a man can give but also to his wholehearted personal allegiance and affection. The organization man, in short, is "imprisoned in brotherhood"—and he likes it.

How has this come about? The process is viewed here as fundamentally a shift from the old-line "Protestant Ethic" of thrift, hard work, and competition, which was America's operative creed well into our century, to the newer "Social Ethic" of security, welfare, and cooperation, which dominates the organization world today. This shift is linked, though not very clearly, to the increasing collectivization of our economy and the continuous upgrading to which we are becoming accustomed as part of the American Way of Life. The new ideology still does not sit well with the older generation of top executives, but it comes naturally to the younger men in The Organization, in whom it has been internalized by their very habituation to organization life and by a thorough indoctrination with the organization "philosophy."

The Social Ethic, as Mr. Whyte presents it, rests

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on three fundamental beliefs: "a belief in the group as the source of creativity"; "a belief in belongingness as the ultimate need of the individual"; and "a belief in the application of science to achieve this belongingness." Groupism, scientism, and the mystique of "togetherness" are the primary articles of faith of this "new popular theology." Groupism holds that the group is in every way superior to the individual, for it is in the group that the individual really comes into his own: the best thinking is "group thinking," "team thinking"; the best life is group life; the best adjustment is continuous adjustment to the group. Man's prime need is to belong, to participate, to integrate himself in the "togetherness of the whole." And fortunately science is there to help him do it, for through various techniques developed in "human relations" and group dynamics research, it can overcome his "individualism" and lead him to the happy nirvana of self-dissolution in the group. The Harwald Group-Thinkometer, which allows a group to register its opinions by pressing invisible buttons under a table so that individual views remain anonymous and dissent unknown, is the appropriate, though rather egregious, symbol of the new group philosophy.

There is a deep human need for community, but all this represents a corruption and perversion of man's authentic life. Groupism undermines creativity, leadership, and responsibility; it dehumanizes. "Of all forms of wanton self-destruction," Mr. Whyte points out, "there is none more pathetic than that in which the human individual demands that in the vital relationships of life he be treated not as an individual but as a member of some organization." The skills of "human relations" and group dynamics may easily tempt the group-minded administrator "into the practice of a tyranny more subtle and more pervasive than that which he means to supplant." The security of total participation and belongingness is delusive: the quest for normalcy and adjustment often becomes "one of the great breeders of neuroses," giving rise to new kinds of anxiety, in many ways more painful than the old. The happy cooperation of the group turns out to be (to use Riesman's phrase) an "antagonistic cooperation," in which the competitions of life, no less real, are repudiated, suppressed, and deprived of recognized goals.

STRONG FEELINGS and convictions, and vast first-hand knowledge are part of Mr. Whyte's equipment as he examines first the ideology of the organization man; then his training, forming, and testing; then the position of the organization scientist; then the image of the organization man in fiction. The last third of his book is devoted to a fascinating account of "the organization man at home" in the "new suburbia." The argument is kept in clear focus, so that despite the diversity of materials and occasional digressions, the unity of the whole is maintained, and the fundamental thesis—that the organization ethos is static, delusory, and self-destructive, precisely what modern man and modern society do *not* need, since it "reinforces what least needs to be reinforced, at the expense of that which does"—comes through in every part of the work, at every point.

Particularly noteworthy here are one of the most devastating critiques of contemporary "vocational" trends in education, and a positively ferocious attack on the entire theory and practice of personality testing as that operates within The Organization. By adapting to the New America contemporary education has become dominated at all levels by a false pragmatism; it has become basically anti-intellectual, suspicious of thought, content, and subject-matter, and devoted to vocational training, practical "know-how," and "personal-social adjustment." These changes, representing adaptations to the organization life, undermine genuine education from the elementary school to the university.

Perhaps the most exciting pages in *The Organization Man* are those written in flaming anger at the outrage to human dignity that personality testing implies. These tests, upon which The Organization increasingly relies for the selection, placing, and promotion of its executives, are said to be a sinister combination of "the twin strands of scientism and the total integration of the individual . . . of the idolatry of the system and the misuse of science to achieve this." The tests are not objective or scientific; they tend to be self-verifying by simply getting rid of those who do not fit in; they "do not respect individual differences," being essentially techniques for discovering and producing conformity and group-mindedness. It is the moral aspect, however, that is most disturbing. "Is the individual's innermost self any business of the organization's? He has some rights too." And to protect these rights against the outrageous devices for prying into his psyche, Mr. Whyte advises the organization man *to cheat*. "The bureaucratic way is too much with most of us that [the organization man] can flatly refuse to take tests without hurt to himself. But he can cheat. He must. Let him respect himself."

In the suburban community, the organization man finds, for all his transience, a new kind of rootedness which serves him well. The suburban group becomes the "foster family," to which one belongs in a startlingly intimate way. But Suburbia has its own perils and ambiguities. The group is the primary "disciplining vehicle," and its sanctions can be quick and sharp; but it is also protective in its happy sociability. It gives security, but places a tremendous premium on adjustment. Suburbia is accompanied by some of the most significant tendencies in contemporary American re-

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ligious life—the emergence of the three-religion community, the function of the church as a vehicle of belonging, the fading of denominational allegiances and the rise of a new all-Protestant consciousness. The Organization thus helps to shape an entire way of life in Suburbia.

THERE ARE problems here for a moralist, and Mr. Whyte has responded to them as such. The organization ethos is seen as a threat to the values society once held most precious, the true autonomy of the individual as well as true community in society. He is therefore not satisfied with describing and analyzing; he also has words of advice and exhortation for the organization man. It is not large-scale organization as such that is at fault, he repeats, but our worship of it, our deification of it. Mr. Whyte insists that he is fundamentally optimistic in his premises: "true individualism is as possible in our time as in others . . . individualism *within* organization life." What we need is a change of attitude to organization; we must see its uses and values, work in it, cooperate with it up to a point, but refuse to be swallowed up by it or in it. This is not easy, but it must be done, if we are to escape an organization totalitarianism.

But where are to be found the spiritual resources with which the fight is to be waged? Not, surely, in the ethos of American democracy alone or even primarily, for democracy is quite ambivalent in this matter, and De Tocqueville pointed out more than a century ago that "the more equal social conditions become, the more men display [a] reciprocal disposition to oblige each other." The tyranny of total sociability is one of the potentials of democracy.

Where then shall we look? The truth is that Mr. Whyte finds himself in the same predicament as does David Riesman, who also is passionately concerned with championing the individual and his freedom against the constricting forces of mass society. Both exhort to autonomy, but their exhortations remain largely formal and abstract, since they somehow seem unable to find in man the resources by which these exhortations could be implemented. This is why Mr. Whyte's "optimism" sounds so unconvincing; I am sure that deep down he is no more convinced by it than is the critical reader.

What kind of "optimism" is it that recommends cheating as necessary in order to survive the organization life? Is this not very much the same advice that one company president, himself an inner-directed man uncomfortable with the other-directed ethos of his organization, once gave to a group of young men? "The ideal," this top executive said, "is to be an individualist privately and a conformist publicly." This kind of double life may be inescapable in the contemporary world, but I would not call it a particularly optimistic view of our destiny. And even to live this kind of double life requires a capacity to stand outside of oneself, outside of every possible social or psychological whole encompassing the self, that simply cannot be found in the terms and categories that Mr. Whyte employs to understand the human situation.

We do indeed possess the power to resist the depersonalizing pressures of The Organization, but to discern and to employ this power we must have some sense of the transcendent dimension of human existence, the dimension that relates man directly to his ultimate ground of being in God, for it is this relation that constitutes the impregnable bulwark of personal authenticity. In Berdyaev, Maritain, or Buber, each drawing upon the tradition of faith, Mr. Whyte could have found at least the outlines of an understanding of the problem that so perplexes him, the problem of personal authenticity in a world of all-engulfing mass heteronomy. Mr. Whyte's reflections on the plight of the organization man lead directly to the thinking of these philosophers of theonomy.

In Memoriam: CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
(1890—1957)

Reprinted from The Commonweal, 1946

THE RAM'S HORN

I blow on my shofar
(Or conch, which is shellfish)
A note of the solemnest.

History, so far,
From Cave Man to columnist
Seems for the most part fatally selfish.

Patriotisms, if you disturb 'em,
Get to be a terrible trap.
Learn to curb 'em:
Verbum
Sap.

OVERSTATE OF THE UNION

The state of the union, is this chiefly:
No one since Lincoln says things briefly.

It would help our politicos quite a bit
To learn how to cut, and what to omit.

And if some were kept incommunicado
The United States would be El Dorado.

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THE SCREEN

JUDICIAL AND PREJUDICIAL

WHAT HAPPENS to a jury after all the evidence is in and the judge instructs them that a "guilty" verdict will bring a death sentence and a reasonable doubt must result in a verdict of "not guilty"? Neglecting all the other participants in a murder case (except through the dialogue), "12 Angry Men" concentrates on the jury, whose personalities we get to know quite well as they harangue for hours before finally reaching a unanimous decision.

Except for certain cinematic license (the New York courthouse shown in the film is not General Sessions where such a murder trial would be held), "12 Angry Men" is remarkably accurate. The lively script, written by Reginald Rose from his own TV play, is somewhat contrived in that the jurors are given numbers instead of names (in real life the roll is called so often that jurors soon begin using names), and that the jurors in this case are such a pat cross section. This does not detract, however, from the effectiveness of the movie or from its thoughtful examination of the jury system. I suppose every jury, as in this case, has members whose minds are inflexibly made up right from the beginning of the discussion, and has individuals like Number Seven (Jack Warden), who has tickets for that night's ball game and is in a hurry to get out, or like indecisive Number Twelve from Madison Avenue (Robert Webber), who is later described by an ill-tempered juror as "the boy in the gray flannel suit bouncing back and forth like a tennis ball." What makes this jury and the movie itself dramatically exciting is that on the first vote, eleven of the men say "guilty" while calm and thoughtful Number Eight (Henry Fonda) holds out for "not guilty" and, since a man's life is at stake, for more discussion. The question is: can Number Eight win over the other jurors?

Perhaps since Henry Fonda is playing this role, the conclusion is inevitable, but the film never lacks suspense. As the hot summer afternoon wears on, the temperature rises and so do tempers. Although the action is continuous and confined to one room, the film is almost episodic, with a series of tense scenes as Number Eight slowly convinces the other men of the "reasonable doubt." Through the heated arguments, we learn what the men learned about the case during the trial, and we learn to know the jurors and the prejudices that make them come to their conclusions.

Sidney Lumet has directed these twelve good actors so well that we forget that they are acting; they become for us twelve very real men on whose likes and dislikes, as well as their values of right and wrong, the fate of the accused man depends. All twelve actors deserve applause for their performances, but, perhaps because they hold out against the persuasive Fonda the longest, these are outstanding: E.G. Marshall as Number Four, a considerate man who is giving great thought to the case; Ed Begley as Number Ten in a magnificent portrayal of a bigoted man whose tirade against all of "them" (the accused is probably Puerto Rican; we never know for sure) disgusts the other jurors, who turn their backs on him; and Lee J. Cobb as belligerent Number Three, who is so involved in conflict with his own son that he cannot think clearly about the "tough kid" accused of killing his father. The violent emotions and prejudices displayed in "12 Angry Men" might weaken one's respect for the jury system, but again and again I was reminded, as I watched the twelve men in action, of something a judge said at the end of a case on which I once served: "A jury is almost always right."

MOVIEGOERS who are partial to Hollywood's excursions into psychiatry should find "Lizzie" right up their alley. Displaying quite a versatility in the lead role, Eleanor Parker portrays a psychotic young woman with a multiple personality. In the daytime she's shy, plain, awkward Elizabeth, who works at a Natural History Museum and is overwhelmed by psychosomatic ills as well as by a series of obscene notes she receives; by night she's Lizzie, in plainest terms a slut who's on the town and is the writer of those notes. When she finally goes to a psychiatrist (played by Richard Boone in an effective, soft-spoken manner), it turns out she is really ladylike Beth, harassed by feelings of guilt in relation to her mother. In Shirley Jackson's novel, *The Bird's Nest,* on which Mel Dinelli based his script, the girl also had a fourth, impish, personality, but evidently the movie thought it had enough to handle without complicating the issue any further.

Under the direction of Hugo Haas, who also plays the neighbor who persuades Elizabeth to go to the psychiatrist, the cast, including Joan Blondell as the girl's hard-drinking aunt, does quite well. With its openness in dealing with sex, however, "Lizzie" is obviously for a limited audience. It makes the mistake, as in so many case-history films of this kind, of effecting a cure for Elizabeth too quickly; but the picture excels in Miss Parker's performance as the girl with the fractured personality.

ANOTHER offering for science-fiction addicts, and perhaps for general audiences, too, is "The Incredible Shrinking Man." Its story, from the Richard Matheson novel, about a young husband who is exposed to atomic radiation and later begins to shrink in

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size, is told in a straightforward, matter-of-fact manner with some good trick photography and a minimum of hokum. The greatest burden falls on Grant Williams, who plays the title role in a deadly serious manner that adds to the horror of the situation. He handles well the awful discovery that he is getting smaller, the visits to the California Medical Research Institute where the doctors are able to stop the shrinking only after he has dwindled down to 37 inches, the dreadful realization that he has become a freak and then, worse still, that the shrinking has started again. The last part of the film, when he is only a few inches high and has fallen into a basement from which he can't escape, has an inventive *Robinson Crusoe* quality that is fascinating to watch. Among the many other surprises in this fantastic film is the finale: the man, now small enough to escape through a mesh screen, overcomes his fear of shrinking to nothing—because he knows that to God there is no such thing as a human zero.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE SEASON'S PLENTY

SOME OF THE season's recent offerings, fuller comment to follow:

"The Duchess of Malfi" (*at the Phoenix*): Webster's notorious tragedy of blood, rinsed of its smoky lustre, and fixed in an Edwardian mode which dilutes its necrophiliac passion into the vulgarities of sensation.

"Brigadoon" (*at the Adelphi*): the Lerner-Loewe fable, tender and modest, of Highland innocence—a musical pleasure which yields to nothing in reticent grace.

"The Waltz of the Toreadors" (*at the Coronet*): Anouilh's *pièce brillante,* shuttling with ferocious ease between its polar absolutes of romantic pain and grotesquerie; a savage interlude of savored misanthropy, and a masterpiece of barely concealed disgust.

"A Trojan Trilogy" (at *Theatre Marquee, 110 East 59th Street*) In Mr. Richmond Lattimore's handsome and accessible renderings, "Agamemnon" and "The Trojan Women" recoup some of their legendary mesmerism. Earnest, limited productions, it is true, but affording at least the chance to see Euripides plain. Sophocles' "Electra" will join the repertory this week.

"Orpheus Descending" (*at the Martin Beck*): Mr. Tennessee Williams as tragic fabulist comes variously to grief, but the occasion is not without interest of ambition and intent. A liquid, unstressed production, marked by Mr. Cliff Robertson's quiet authority as the hero *manqué.*

RICHARD HAYES.

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A Witty, Dedicated and Inconsistent Rationalist

PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY. By Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

By RICHARD HORCHLER

A BETTER TITLE for this random collection of suave, elegant, but clearly minor writings would have been *A Bertrand Russell Miscellany*. Some of the essays are autobiographical, some reminiscences of famous friends (these are the "portraits from memory"), and the others observations and pronouncements on anything and everything, handed down by Lord Russell from the eminence of his years as mathematician, philosopher, and *litterateur*. There is, of course, the unifying force of a single personality to hold the book together, but it is a personality which is itself full of quirks and contradictions.

The "private" writings which make up the first section of the book are most interesting, and reveal a Bertrand Russell very different from the popular conception of him as a self-cooled thinking machine. He was—and apparently is still, despite himself—an inordinately sensitive, deeply emotional human being. He tells of his first encounter with the poetry of William Blake, recited by a fellow-undergraduate at Cambridge, when he was so much affected that he "became dizzy and had to lean against the wall." The friendships he discusses were also marked by unusually deep and volatile emotion: his communion of souls with Joseph Conrad left him deliriously unable "to find my way among ordinary affairs"; a falling-out with D. H. Lawrence was so devastating that "for twenty-four hours I thought that I was not fit to live and contemplated committing suicide." During World War I, his passionate political convictions led him to soapbox oratory in the cause of peace, and eventually to a prison term.

But perhaps these are to be considered youthful lapses from the straight and narrow path of scientific rationality. Certainly most of the essays here are characteristic of "the philosopher"—that is, they are demonstrations in the power of abstract thought. In them, Lord Russell conducts his analyses of political, social and literary theory, in addition to specifically philosophical matters, with rigorous logic and lucidity. Similarly keen, and persuasively witty, are the comments on the lives and work of famous men—John Stuart Mill, Shaw, Whitehead, Santayana and others.

Yet there are many inconsistencies. Although he is a dedicated rationalist, Russell insists upon man's animality and the importance of instinct and spontaneity in the achievement of human happiness, but he dismisses angrily parallel statements by D. H. Lawrence as "rubbish" and "insanity." "Mystic" is a pejorative word to him, but he is himself an ecstatic in the cult of reason. He is a firm believer in determinism, and at the same time preaches of individual responsibility and the need for plain living and high thinking. His fervent belief in the infinite worth of the individual is coupled serenely with jokes about man's claim to a special place in the evolutionary scale and total skepticism as to man's nature, origin, or end.

If Lord Russell exhibits the traditional weaknesses of liberal thought, however, he embodies too its traditional strengths. He is untroubled by the pursuit of absolutes, convinced they are unattainable, if they exist at all, and is content to work for limited solutions to limited problems. And this, whatever else it is, has been historically a remarkably fruitful approach to social betterment. Even when he is most wrong-headed, Russell seeks his conception of the good with the generosity and vision of the true liberal prophet, and with his energy and courage in the face of difficulty.

Finally, as his Nobel prize for literature would suggest, Lord Russell is an accomplished writer. His ideas, even on the most unpromising subjects, are expressed with deftness and precision, as we might expect, and with a charm we do not look for in the writings of a logician. *Portraits From Memory* is not a very important book, and we may disagree with its author more often than not, but its variegated essays make up a knowledgeable, urbane, and provocative little volume.

The Unadorned Romantic Imagination

CHALLENGE TO VENUS. By Charles Morgan. Macmillan. $3.50.

By ANTHONY BAILEY

MR. CHARLES Morgan's book is the product of a mind which has been called both rare and civilized. Referring to previous books of his, reviewers have said that he creates a "soft, inner glow"; that he reflects "the glow of living, the humane tradition . . . man's power to transcend himself." I cite these remarks in defense of Mr. Morgan, so to speak, because I hold what appears to be a lone opinion about *Challenge to Venus*, and I may be wrong. Moreover, I have not read any of Mr. Morgan's books before this. He has established a curious kind of reputation in Europe (in England his is one of those names, like J. Cowper Powys, which is hardly ever mentioned at cocktail parties, and which, if mentioned, causes that nod which means "I don't think I've read about him but I know who you mean. Quite good isn't he?"); and the fact that he has received the Legion d'Honneur and has been elected to the Institut de France suggests that it is more a French than an English reputation.

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Indeed he seems to be more a French than an English type: at least in style his affinity is with Gide, though a Gide of Latinate inclinations; his temperament appears to be that of a Mediterranean spirit, but lacking any humor; and yet perhaps no one save a past International President of P. E. N. could have got away with the present book, which the publishers call "a mystical love story." Fie, Fi, Fo, Fum.

It is difficult not to be flip. For me the glow produced by this book was that of a very gloomy 25-watt bulb. The details on the dust jacket summarize the book quite well, and I quote some here, although it may lay me open to charges of not reading the book, which I would deny, or skipping, which I would accept. In the main, the faults of *Challenge to Venus* are those of the unadorned romantic imagination: character and incident are completely lacking in reality. The tale is set in Varenna, an ancient Italian hill town; and the descriptions of the town, the countryside, the architecture and the landscape, Mr. Morgan does very well. His style at times is a little archaic, full of uncommon constructions, with present usages put in quotation marks as if the author were scared of using slang. But the descriptions are pleasant. The jacket states: "The ill-fated lovers are the beautiful widow, Fiammetta and the Englishman, Martin Lyghe. . ." (than whom no American stage-Englishman seems a better caricature of English-breeding). "Fiammetta's beauty caused men to suffer though she was scarcely aware of it. She behaved as though she were a goddess from another world and exempt from mortal slings and arrows. When Martin first saw her on a balcony, she appeared to him like Venus arising from the sea."

These two fall in love, each in his fashion. It is the moral of the tale that they thus rival the gods, which of course no one is allowed to do with impunity; consequently they draw down retribution upon themselves. This retribution consists in Lyghe's continuing his voyage to Aden where he swelters on in some colonial merchant's job, and the Principessa Fiammetta degli Alerani, the widow who apes Psyche, remaining stoically in Varenna, true to her class, her kin, her own people — largely, it seems, because she fears marrying outside that group. All this is strange indeed in a time when Hollywood starlets become Italian countesses and Italian countesses marry Midwestern college professors.

The archaic quality of *Challenge to Venus* resides partly in its style, partly in its ambitions, and partly in the use it makes of conventions of that kind. Conventions, of course, are the mainstay of the novel of manners; they create incident, tension, and drama. Nothing is more thrilling than that scene in *Le Rouge et Noir* in which Julien Sorel strives for the courage to touch the hand of a married woman. It is definitely more exciting than any "Will she or won't she?" extended over most of the pages of a contemporary novel. Mr. Morgan seems to be aware of this: he takes a certain delight in the conventions of the faded Italian nobility of Varenna; but he compromises early, suggesting that the lovers are like gods together. And yet he seems to imagine that after this we are going to accept it as shocking when Martin kisses the inside rather than the back of his Lady's hand!

Mr. Morgan has a reputation. He does not require the mercy which might be a younger artist's due. In mitigation of this, some of the minor characters are well-drawn: old Italian women and men servants. But neither they nor the lovingly detailed landscape contribute a sufficient aura of actuality in which the two principal characters might survive. Conversations occur in which life and death and time are discussed but they are strictly literary conversations, and not very brilliant ones either. It is as if Mr. Morgan wanted to write a paen in praise of Italy, and came up with the idealized Anglo-Italian love affair as the natural prop to hang it on. It is the predicament described in the song: falling in love with love is falling for make-believe. There is neither the man nor the woman in this book to make it real.

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Art and Politics

RAGE ON THE BAR. By Geoffrey Wagner. Noonday Press. $3.50.

By DACHINE RAINER

MR. WAGNER'S point of view — that imperialism is a morally reprehensible system, that the whites are now reaping the fruits of their greed, depravity, or at the very least, simple-minded arrogance —merits total sympathy. Nevertheless, having the correct convictions does not, much as one might like to think so, constitute a work of art; the end result of *Rage on the Bar* is the persuasiveness of a political tract rather than of a piece of fiction. All Mr. Wagner's characters are thoroughly believable and, often, genuine inventions, but they wear their attitudes and behavior polemically rather than ingenuously. They never step out of character and they never really evolve.

The protagonist of *Rage on the Bar,* like the hero of Mr. Wagner's earlier novel, *The Dispossessed,* is a man who, perhaps through a heightened sensibility, or perhaps only through extreme experience—the heroes of both books suffered through the Second War and both succumbed to its mental and physical violence by blacking out—finds himself unable to accept the repressive social order in which he is expected to function. In the present novel (whose situation parallels Robert Ruark's Mau Mau uprising in Kenya but is far superior in style and intelligence) one Captain Philip Teale comes as A.D.C. to the Governor General of Connaught, an island probably meant to be Nassau, and soon discovers that he is unwilling, or unable, to fulfill his role of oppressor, for his sympathies are with the oppressed blacks. Unlike the hero of *The Dispossessed,* who is driven to suicide, Captain Teale escapes his fate by getting off the island just as a native uprising gains momentum, leaving behind a host of compatriots. The old-fashioned army men, who apply the idiotic rules of the British public school system to colonial rule, their wives, sisters, friends, children, his superior, the woman with whom he has had an unsatisfactory affair—all these are abandoned to the holocaust.

One must praise Mr. Wagner's talent and perceptions, but precisely because he has a talent all too good to be wantonly abused, it must be said that his writing is too facile. He will have had four books published since last April, and is perhaps just too prolific.

His more disconcerting flaw is more complex. Two years ago, in the *New Republic,* Mr. Warner in an exceptional article on Wyndham Lewis made the point: "Lewis' tragic political impotence was a dilemma of disliking any association of art and politics, and yet of insisting that art be close to reality. . . ." Perhaps Geoffrey Wagner gets too close. It may be that *Rage on the Bar* is too accurate, too realistic, and that one misses the contrivance of art, the roundabout way from which truth emerges. One must go from deviousness to "the final simplicity."

Knives of Conflict

A DISTANT DRUM. By Charles Bracelen Flood. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

THE TROUBLE with Mr. Flood's novel is that it shows too little of the power and intellectual purpose that might lift a story to the level of that which moves and affects the reader. Mr. Flood has the narrative gift, a considerable one which he displayed even more impressively in his first book, *Love Is a Bridge.* He is intelligent, and writes with sensitivity and compassion, if with no special grace. *Love is a Bridge* was successful perhaps because it demanded more of the author: he had to recreate the time and lives of persons old enough to be his parents. In *A Distant Drum* he writes of contemporaries — of persons whose experiences parallel his own. Patrick Kingsgrant is a pleasant, conventional, rich

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Then and Now

Russian efforts to indoctrinate and "capture" the Chinese are long standing.

It is, one confesses, a little difficult to see why the Soviets should have gone to such lengths in trying to "educate" China. Admiration for the culture and affection for the citizens of Confucius's land were hardly the determining motives. Was it devotion to a communistic ideal which stirred up all the activity? Perhaps to some extent. But really one cannot get rid of the impression that the Russians have hoped to do certain things which for some reason or other sound familiar. If China were to become a communistic nation directed to a large extent from Moscow; if it resolved to cut adrift from every European country and close its harbors to trade; if it decided to divest itself of its own merchant class and run its business affairs through a "central committee"—then the gentlemen whose favorite color is red would acquire a prodigious expanse of fertile territory out of which to extract a detail sometimes referred to as wealth but usually spoken of by them as "commodities."

—The Commonweal, June 15, 1927

The Chinese Communist Party no more than the others has called in question the essentials of Stalinism . . . No change has been made in basic objectives. Collectivization of agriculture, for example, has proceeded so rapidly that by the end of 1956 about 85 per cent of all peasant families were in collective farms of the Soviet type. The regime still expects to complete the collectivization of agriculture and the socialization (or nationalization) of industry and commerce no later than the end of 1958 . . . The beginning of 1957 sees Communist China casting an ominous shadow over areas lying beyond her borders in various directions. Her power and prestige within the Soviet bloc are increasing steadily. In non-Communist Asia she is regarded with fear, but also with considerable admiration. Over the Formosa Strait she looms like a threatening giant. As the Soviet leaders gaze into the future, they must wonder whether they have helped to call into being a Frankenstein's monster which may someday overwhelm them.

—Harold C. Hinton in The Commonweal, April 5, 1957

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young man who goes to Harvard, writes an unsuccessful novel (at the price of a gentle disagreement with his father, who would have had him study law), enlists in the Army and finds basic training uncomfortable. He receives a medical discharge on the basis of an injury which he had concealed in order to enlist. He sends his manuscript to another publisher. He walks out on the pretty girl who can't decide whether she wants to marry him. That's the end of the book. This reader says so what.

The knives of conflict are here in Patrick's determination to do Korean military service in spite of his handicap, in the break with his father and the family world of privilege, in the unfulfilled romance and the tension between Patrick's Catholicism and the girl's Protestantism. But Mr. Flood puts no edge on the knives.

Patrick's Catholicism, for example, is demonstrated in three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys nightly, aspirations in time of difficulty, and a suggestion that the young lady read the catechism to inform herself on the Church. The deeper issues of the spiritual life and religion — issues which presumably would affect an intellectual Catholic in an agnostic world—apparently do not occur to Patrick. In dealing with the issues of the Korean war he explains that it is better to fight the Communists in Korea than in Montana. Which demonstrates, it would seem, that the work of the Troop Information and Education NCOs was not entirely in vain.

Two Burdens

THE SERAGLIO. By James Merrill. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

THE SERAGLIO referred to in the title is owned by Mr. Benjamin Tanning who is very old, very rich and somewhat sick in the heart; located on Long Island, it is furnished by former and would-be wives, often accompanied by their eunuchs. Benji, as he is known

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affectionately by his intimates, has fathered two legitimate children, the elder a girl with children of her own, the younger a boy named Francis who, from the outset, suffers from two radical disabilities: he likes money and is ashamed to admit it; he dislikes women, except to talk to them, and is ashamed to admit that as well. However, Francis wins out in the end when he discovers that the entire world is real.

First thing Francis does, by way of reform, is to try to get rid of his money. Can't be done, his brother-in-law tells him. Untouchable trust funds, etc. He can spend all the money he wants but he can't make himself so poor he has to work for a living. The inevitability of his cross of gold helps to lighten his burden and Francis moves on.

A little later, during a trip to Boston with his father, who is consulting a heart specialist, Francis takes care of his second sorrow by de-manning himself. Let me assure the reader that there is, paradoxically, nothing incredible or realistic about his action. You see, one night Francis meets Jane. He had met Jane before, in Italy, and Jane had liked him but Jane came home and married someone else, Roger. But this night in Boston Roger is out of town and Francis takes Jane home. There, in the course of conversation, Francis, quite decently, lays his head in Jane's lap for several seconds. Pangs of lust surprise him, pull him to his feet and send him out of Cambridge into Boston with a shock so severe that he returns to the hotel and does the dreadful deed.

Mr. Merrill does not insist, indeed he does not allude, to the following significant observation: as a result of Francis's self-inflicted wound the name of Tanning is doomed to extinction. All the sundry layers of loomings and doomings gather here. Benji Tanning was the son of a doctor, probably from the Middle West. He came to Wall Street as a young man and went right up the ladder. He's the American Dream incarnate. Only age, I'm sure, rendered him ineligible for a Cabinet post. For such a man, the doom of namelessness is cruel. The more one ponders the matter, the surer one is it was a very nasty thing that Francis did to his father.

There is nothing for Benji to do any more except marry again and make more money. Nothing is very important at the seraglio. Serious conversation is frowned upon. The food is terrible and though the liquor is good nobody seems to enjoy it. Even the sex is dull—lots of talk but no action. In fact this is the dullest seraglio you've ever heard of.

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REVIEWERS

Richard Horchler is an associate editor of The Commonweal.

Anthony Bailey, a frequent contributor, is on the staff of the *New Yorker*.

Dachine Rainer is a novelist and poet whose novella, "Christ, Chaos and the Natural Order of Art," is soon to be published by *New World Writing*.

William Pfaff is a former associate editor of The Commonweal and a frequent contributor.

Thomas F. Curley, a novelist and critic, is a regular reviewer for this magazine.

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• LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! DETAILS FREE. Sleep-Learning Association, Box 610-CM, Omaha 1, Nebraska.

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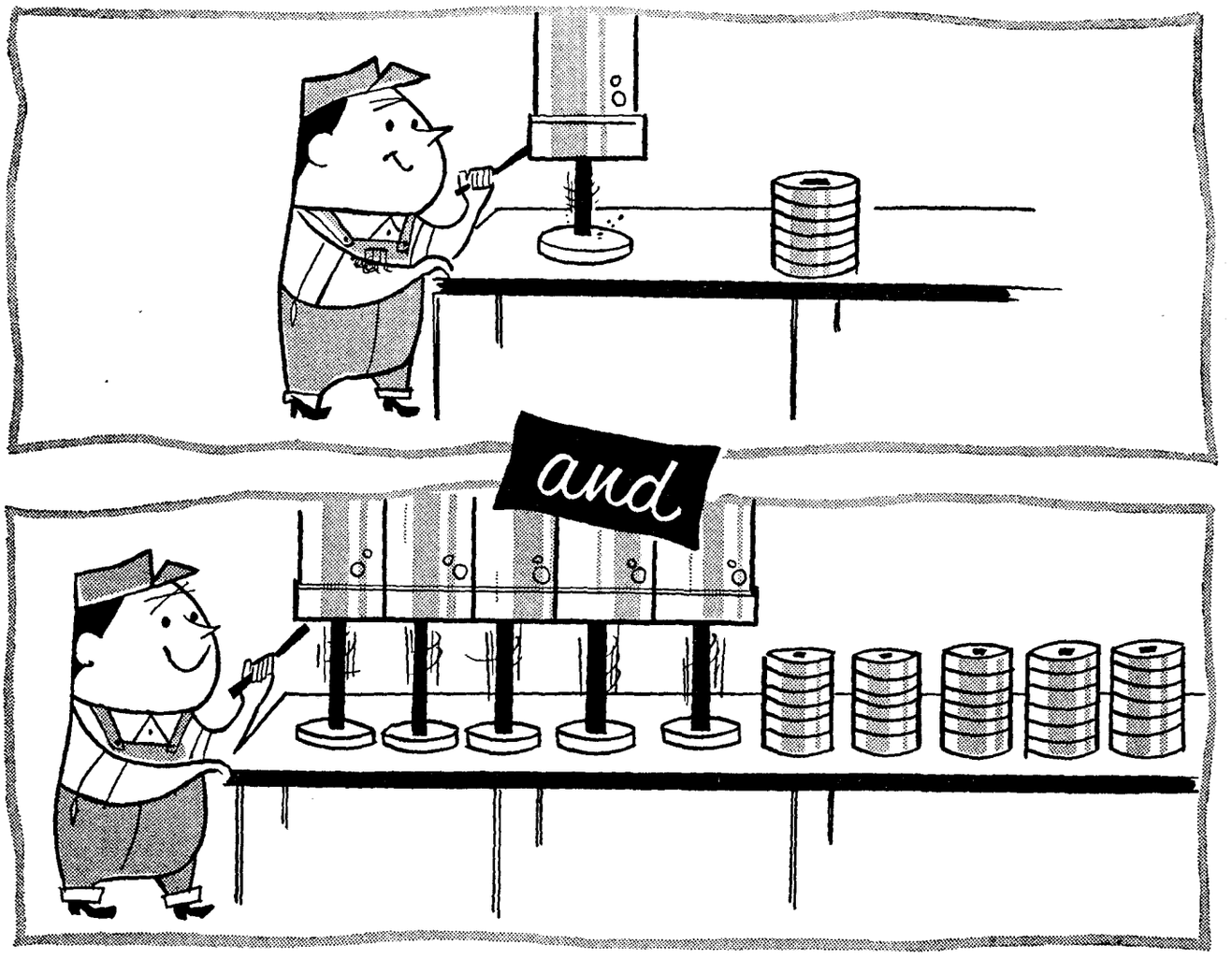
TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN



is to distinguish between Production and Productivity.

Higher production could mean nothing more than additional employees turning out the SAME AMOUNT of goods per employee.

Higher productivity means MORE goods turned out per employee.

Higher productivity started when some human being took a piece of stone broader than his hand and scooped more dirt with this tool than he could with bare fingers.

Productivity is raised today when management invents, buys, and engineers into manufacturing processes new tools to increase its employees' output. Increased productivity raises the standard of living by raising earning power.

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